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TERMS OF THE POLYNESIAN.

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From the Metropolitan.

From an Ancient Hebrew Dirge.

"Mourn for the mourner, not for the dead,
He is at rest, but we in tears."

"He is at rest;" o'er the dim eye
Fringed lids lie heavily;
Meekly crossed on the still breast,
Calm the slender fingers rest;
From the high and earnset brow,
Past is look of suffering now.
But o'er the pale lip and cheek,
Flusheth not the crimson streak,
From the varying bounding flood
Of the heart's rich mantling blood.
Nought of earthly grief or pain
E'er may wring that breast again.

"We are in tears," alas! to roam
Through the sad, deserted home;
View the riven household chain
None may bind on earth again!
Fraught with many a well-loved tone,
Summer breezes wander on.
All on Nature's varying face
Beareth of the lost some trace;
Ever the sad spirit turning
With the lone heart's fruitless yearning,
For what never more may be,
Till we rest, beloved, with thee.

"He is at rest!" no more shall pain
Wring the quivering flesh again,
Or the sleepless, anxious eye,
Watch beneath the midnight sky.
No more shall the fever strife
Wage its burning war with life;
Or the strength of manhood fling
On the couch of languishing;
No more shall the high heart's bearing,
Or the spirit's heavenward soaring
Crushed beneath the deep excess
Of the body's weariness.

"We are in tears!" the light is flown,
Music hath for us no tone;
Sad on every spirit lie
Memories of days gone by;
O'er the weary bosom press
Haunting dreams of loneliness;
Deeply dim earth's brightest flowers,
Shadows of departed hours;
As some risen memory brings
Thoughts of old familiar things—
Hallowed moments, long since fled;
Sweet communion with the dead!

"He is at rest!" attained that shore
Where the weary pant no more;
Where the crushed affections blight
O'er the spirit hath no might;
Where the unbroken rest is stirred
By no yearning hope deferred.
There dims not the beaming eye
Thought of loved one's agony;
There temptation's fear-fraught hour
O'er the freed soul hath no power.
Warrior! the field is won;
Conqueror! his task is done.

"We are in tears!" but soon, O! soon
May our weary course be run.
Holiest! from the exile's doom
Call thy sorrowing children home.
Are not purer, sweeter flowers
Breathed amid eternal bowers!
Bid us join the ransomed band,
In thine own bright starry land.
There no lovely spirit mourneth
O'er the joy that ne'er returneth,
For upon that radiant shore
Mourned and mourner part no more.

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☞ The following communication received several months since, came to light suddenly a few days ago, in overhauling our editorial drawer. As it has lost nothing by its long sleep, we give it to our readers as an opiate to still their nerves, so constantly on the stretch for news.

Dreams.

From short, as usual, and disturbed repose
I wake, emerying from a sea of dreams
Tumultuous—where my wreck'd, desponding thought
From wave to wave of fancied misery
At random drove, her helm of reason lost—
Though now restored, 'tis only change of pain—
A little change—severer for severe.—[YOUNG.

Many attempts have been made to elicit the principle, which produces or allows the wild excess of the imagination, with the partial suspension of the judgment in sleep. But it has never been explained—supposing the cause of dreams to be an intellectual one—how it happens that the mind can display at times so much surpassing originality of the highest thought, as to exceed vastly its waking limits, and at the same time not perceive that it is deceiving itself in its times, places and circumstances. If fancy wings its way into the legislative, judicial, or sacred assembly, and imagines the most renowned and eloquent senator, pleader or preacher, in the act of speaking; it wants not their immeasurably superior faculties to its own, to think *their* thoughts and to employ *their* language, in the imaginary ideal scene, disclosing in some degree the future power of unfettered intellect, and the principle to be in existence, which will ultimately allow the dullest capacity as far to outstrip the greatest earthly geniuses, as they exceed it in the present state, and also of the indefinite enlargement of the superior.

The writer remembers an individual who, in his sleep, came into contact with a person known to him, whom he followed into a building, which, upon entering, proved to be a church, when he took his seat among the worshippers, who he was given to understand were a denunciation of philosophical unitarians, when the clerk rose in his place and proceeded to give out a hymn suited to their worship. He uttered the name of the tune, and then pronounced in very audible voice the hymn, which failed him in the transition between sleeping and waking—but leaving the first verse distinctly in his mind as follows:

Life, light and joy your beams displaying,
Which on earth so sweetly wait—
Your inheritance delaying,
Titled to etherial state.

But with all his waking powers he was unable to supply the remainder, as to preserve the spirit and delicacy of the remembered verse, or to reduce to language the impression of the forgotten. The enigma is, how the mind can expand in the way and extent previously mentioned, and of course in that peculiar attribute, judgment, in the same exercises, and be unable to exercise the same faculty, in the smallest degree, in other matters connected therewith? On the other hand supposing the cause of dreams to be mechanical (passive or active) in the multifarious vessels of the brain, resuming with a kind of automaton motive their accustomed functions through habit, sympathy or mimickry, upon some slightly actuating impulse of a subtle nature, in the temporary absence of the monarch from the throne—in that case another difficulty arises. What spell of influence can overpower such an immaterial, ever active essence as the human mind, to produce so inconceivable a dormancy? Transmigration cannot be admitted; and, if otherwise, it would but change the ground of the difficulty from being attached to the judgment to become allied to the memory.

Lastly, to divide the difficulty by that which appears to be nearest truth, viz.: supposing dreams to be partly intellectual and partly mechanical, in their producing cause, by what means does the spirit become divided in this season of busy mental and mechanical activity as to recognise the pretensions of a material rival to equality? The present inquiry, however, is not designed to pursue this track of equivocal data; it addresses itself to a higher, more useful, and certain termination, relating to the moral design intended to be accomplished through the phenomenon of dreaming, by him who admits no blank results in any department of his immense administration, who neither does nor permits anything in vain. "When I say my bed shall comfort me, my couch shall ease my complaint; Then *thou* scarest me with dreams, and terrifiest me with night visions."

It may be presumed that so common and established an ordinance as that of dreams must necessarily own an equivalent, adequate design—something far beyond the effect ordinarily produced, of disturbing peaceful sleep, or of occasioning amusement, wonder or divination at the breakfast table, which are very trifling results, little purposes to attach an appointment, as stable and regular in its proceedings as day and night.

Instead of considering the phenomenon of dreaming to be the vagary of unintentional nothingness, I cannot forbear my admiration of the divine wisdom and benignity manifested in the idea employed, as practically and efficiently adapted to a lapsed condition of human nature, in thus *forcing* upon the erratic mind a nightly mirror of the *moral image* of the day's actions, and of its sanguine, prospective anticipations, embodying a comprehensive epitome, representing life and its hopes as they actually exist, and not as they appear, so that in line upon line, and precept upon precept, that impression which is so reluctantly imbibed and obstinately repelled from other sources of the vanity of life, becomes strikingly enforced in the *foolishness* of a dream. That the connection produces no more its legitimate consequences—that while the cause exists the designed effect is generally abortive, through the obliquity of the moral perception, is no more subversive of the design existing in the appointment than is the sincere intention of heaven in the redemption of men by revelation, by their scepticism and infidelity.—Dreams have been the consecrated and hallowed medium of the most important and eventful divine communications to man that have transpired upon the earth, exemplified in that of Jacob, Joseph, Pharaoh's butler and baker, Pharaoh, and, above all, of Nebuchadnezzar, interpreted by Daniel, and embracing events from the same period to the close of time, by which Daniel informs the impious monarch, the great God had made known to him what shall come to pass hereafter, and the dream is certain and the interpretration sure. Such may be said to be the *extra*ordinary use of such a method of communication, and employed after the same manner in other instances, on a vast variety of humbler forms, attested by the event; while the *ordinary* employment of dreams may be defined to be that of a universal *monitor*, enunciating in an emblem of the keenest irony, amounting to the most humiliating burlesque. "Vanity of vanities—*all* is vanity and vexation of spirit."

Analogy and Parallelism.—First. The *general* character of dreams consists in the mind being intently concerned with a variety of objects, which either elude the grasp, or vanish when realized, or produce dissatisfaction in the attainment. The impression upon the mind on first waking, which it has received from its nocturnal pursuits, is that of incompleteness, incongruity, excitement and evanescence—exactly corresponding with the feelings experienced in real life, by the generality of mankind in regard to the past and present.

And is this all? cried Cæsar at his height!
It is the common lot;
In this shape or in that has fate entail'd
The mother's throes on all of woman born.
Not happiness itself makes good her name;
Our very wishes give us not our wish.
The smoothest course of Nature has its pains;
The scenes of business tell what are men;
And truest friends, through error, wound our rest.
Without misfortunes, what calamities!
And what hostilities, without a foe!

Secondly. The *particular* character of dreams, which consists in the parts of the confused general kind, giving place to the predominance of some distinctive form and action of pleasure or pain—as when some engrossing object of delight takes full possession of the mind during the revery, which becomes sanguine with confidence, until we awake in sudden deprivation, when we cannot for the moment believe our true condition a reality, after the enchanting vision we have just lost, representing extreme and sudden reverses, as when a man is taken from his pleasures by death, or his pleasures from him by adversity. The poet tells us

All mankind mistake their time of day.
'Tis later with the wise than he's aware.
Men take fair days in winter for the spring,
And scarce believe they're older for their years.
Our WAKING dreams are fatal—how I dreamt
Of things impossible, (could sleep do more?)
Of joys perpetual in perpetual charge!
Of stable pleasures on the tossing wave!
Eternal sunshine in the storms of life!
The spiders' most attenuated thread
Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie
On earthly bliss—it breaks at every breeze.
Full against wind and tide some win their way.
These strike! while in their triumph they expire,
O'er some and o'er their names, the billows close,
With swelling sails some make the promised port,
With all their wishes freighted—but WHEN is man secure
As fatal TIME as storm?

The other definite characteristic of the particular class of dreams, is that of disagreeableness or pain, when the brain, in full and intense activity during the revery, avails itself eagerly of every moment in pursuit of a succession of objects, which constitute a series of annoyances, perplexities, mortifications, contradictions, absurdities and wrongs, not one of which will constitute the specific evil we are about awaking to—representing the troubles and anxieties of life.

Man that is born of a woman is a few days and full of trouble. All things are full of *labor*. Man cannot utter it.

We know (says an Apostle) that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth together in pain.

That which is crooked cannot be made straight, and that which is wanting cannot be numbered.

While nothing is more common than to double our burdens by anticipation, and to create new ones, and assign them to the ensuing day, week, year or years; and nothing is more common than to be deceived in the time, manner or identity of the evil when it comes; so much so that we find ourselves beset with a new train of grievances to those we expected and forelaid for, and which, after all our anxious, corroding cares, take us unawares, insomuch that we might as well have spared the unsavory twang thus occasioned to our comforts, and our wasted time and mental energies, as far as regards any applicability our cares and provisions have had to our newly arrived visitors.

Finally, three different properties of dreams, all become aggravated in degree when any unusual disturbance occurs in the system through the agency of disease, as in fevers. Then the morbid irritation of the brain occasions an extraordinary extravagance of action, and corresponds with the stage of moral mania in bold and open wickedness—the natural development of the principle of depending originally on the resources of created good for fruition—its bearing and last desperate issue, exemplified in acts of villany and impiety. "The wicked are like the troubled sea which cannot rest—whose waters cast up mire and dirt."

"When he *came to himself* he said—how many hired servants in my Father's house have bread enough and to spare, while I perish with hunger."

"God speaketh once, (says Elihu) yea twice, (often) yet man perceiveth it not; in a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men; in slumbers upon the bed; Then he openeth the ears of men and sealeth their instruction, that he may withdraw man from his purpose and hide pride from man."—The two great objects which aggrandize the labor of the stupendous machinery of Providence and Redemption, and occasioned by the radical error of his moral arithmetic, in placing the cipher before the sum.

Vain is the world—but *only* to the *vain*.

There have been those in heathen countries who have discovered, with the light of natural reason, (divinely suggested) the necessity of an infinite and immutable perfection in a first cause, as a centre of being—alone calculated to afford the least available stay to the lowest want of an immortal spirit; and in connection with this sentiment, the systems of heathen morality and virtue depend for their vitality, however dark and imperfect they may be. It was this conviction, (says the elegant Perrin,) which